THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 18, 1808.

The EVILS *of* SUSPICION,

A NARRATIVE.

SUSPICION is a canker that deteriorates the noblest virtues. It degrades him who feels it, and it dishonours him who is unjustly its object. It is a characteristic of this passion too, that it is combined with sullenness, which fosters the former without offering any opportunity for its removal or decay. The mind of the suspicious man is closed against the rays of truth; it dwells in voluntary and gloomy darkness; it feeds upon black and frightful images, and repels the power that would turn it from its own abhorred repast. It is a willing slave to baseness; nor does it stop in its ignoble career, 'till it is awakened to truth and remorse by the shock of some necessary, but unexpected evil.

Suspicosus was married in early life to Maria, and had found in marriage such happiness as marriage was likely to give. Maria had been carefully educated, and she possessed a fund of native good sense, joined to a warm and feeling heart. She was elegant in her person, refined in her manners, and frank in her disposition. She loved reading, and she had what is a common consequence of reading, a slight enthusiasm of character. She was attentive in the exercise of her domestic duties, and suffered nothing to impede the execution of what she considered as the peculiar functions of a wife. Suspicosus was the object of her choice, and marriage, when it had subdued the fervour of love, left in her bosom a lasting and sincere affection.

Suspicosus had an unfeigned regard for Maria; but it was a regard that had its principal basis upon external recommenda-

tions. He was not insensible of the virtues of her heart, but he had no high and generous feeling of them. He was sometimes gratified by their consequences, but he knew not how to honour them for themselves. He was fully alive, however, to her personal attractions, and listened with rapture to the applauses of his friends, as they commended the dignity of her deportment or the beauty of her countenance. He was happy in the possession of a handsome wife, without reflecting that the pleasure arising from the possession of beauty is the pleasure of a child over a gilded toy.

The mind of Suspicosus was not enlarged, and he therefore participated but little in those mental pleasures which formed so considerable a part of the delights of Maria. He did not, however, forbid her to pursue them, though he never omitted any opportunity of ridiculing the warmth of her expressions when she spoke of any favourite author. He always treated with sarcastic petulance her knowledge; affected to disbelieve her progress in French and Italian, when she was learning those languages, and rudely suppressed her discourse when it rose above the level of ordinary conversation. Maria patiently submitted to what she wisely considered as a small evil in the account of life; and willingly strove to be the companion of her husband, when her husband was present. In his absence, could she find a friend that would partake of her mental delights, she was happy. She often repeated with warmth and feeling the lines of Young:

"Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroach?
Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts, shut up, want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been denied;
Speech! thought's canal; speech, thought's criterion too."

It is a natural step from reading to composition. Perhaps no person who reads much has ever totally refrained from the attempt to commit his thoughts to paper. In the absence of a friend, the power of composition relieves the mind from grief, and partakes with it of joy; and Maria was accustomed to employ this vehicle for the alleviation of those feelings which are so common to sensible minds. But nothing could more deeply offend Suspicosus than any sort of literary composition; he thought it an avenue to corruption; nay, in the narrow bigotry and ignorance of his mind, he thought it a degradation. Whenever, therefore, Maria indulged this solitary solace, she was compelled to destroy or conceal whatever she wrote.

It happened that one morning she had translated from Rousseau's Heloise one of the most impassioned letters from Julia to St. Preux. It was done merely as an exercise, with a view

to

to ascertain her accuracy in the language she was then studying. She had caught all the vivid glow of the original; she was pleased with it; and instead of destroying it immediately, as was her usual custom, she kept it to read it a second time.

By some accident this translation fell from her pocket, and was picked up by Suspicosus. He knew his wife's hand, and read the letter with trembling and astonishment. What could it mean? To whom could it be addressed? Was she false and infamous? Was she carrying on an intrigue even in the very house, and under his very eye, with some abandoned seducer? Yes, she was; for he held the evidence in his own hands. But still, he thought it impossible, for the tenderness of her affection, the purity of her principles, and the little cause he had given for such a deviation, were strong against the presumption.

Suspicosus wanted liberality of character; he was proud and reserved where he but thought an injury, and instead of coming forward in an open manly way to state the grievance which he felt, he smothered the real or fancied wrong within his bosom, and it was only in his dark and sullen look, in his cold and altered conduct, that you could read his displeasure. He kept the letter, but never questioned Maria respecting its import or its destination.

Maria had missed the paper, but innocence knows no fears. She readily imagined that it might fall into the hands of Suspicosus; but if it did, she also thought that he must at once know from its nature, from the manner in which it was written, that it could be nothing but what it was.

When they met at dinner, Suspicosus was silent and gloomy, and he retired to his room immediately as the meal was over. Maria was alarmed and hurt at this appearance, but endeavoured to suppress any rising fears, by attributing it to some chagrin of mind arising from causes in which she had no concern. At the tea table, however, Suspicosus was still the same, and when Maria attempted to introduce any topic of discourse, he either made no answer, or replied with laconic sullenness. It was in vain she urged him to disclose any cause of sorrow or vexation that oppressed him; it was in vain she strove by every kind and gentle blandishment, by every token of affection she could employ, to induce him to reveal the secret uneasiness he felt. In the apprehension of greater evils, she forgot topics of meaner import; the translated letter now no longer occupied her mind; it was a trifle that could find no place in her recollection. But her silence on this subject only served to aggravate the suspicion of her husband; he thought it proceeded from callous indifference, or else, that the paper he had was but a rough sketch, now of no value, as the perfect copy had been dispatched to its object.

Thus doubt increased doubt, and each doubt increased fresh anxiety. His mind and feelings became warped; he saw every action of Maria through a new medium; he heard every word she uttered with a new sense. If she was gay at his return home, she had just been quitted by her paramour; if pensive, he had come too soon, and disappointed her of an interview with him; if she smiled at his departure, it was from expectation; it she was sad, it was hypocrisy. If she went abroad, it was to see him, or to receive letters; if she staid at home, the servant had been bribed to bring them. Every thing she did or said was perverted, and this constant irritation of mind rendered him at length habitually peevish, cold, and sullen.

Maria observed this fatal change in her husband, and sought in vain to fathom the cause of it. Her heart acquitted her of any crime towards him, and she felt that her love for him was still unabated. That love, however, was no longer amiable in his eyes, and its manifestation was repulsed with disgust Her hours of solitude were now no longer devoted to the pleasing task of instruction, but to the corroding inroad of grief and sorrow; she sought her chamber to weep undisturbed, and she issued from it with a countenance falsely dressed in delusive smiles.

The delicate frame of Maria sunk under the poignancy of this conflict. The roses withered from her cheek; the sparkling of her eye was quenched. A slow and wasting disease brought her to the bed of death; and, as she lay there, her husband first felt the iniquity of his conduct. He now thought her innocent and virtuous, when her innocence and virtue could no longer adorn the ranks of society. He saw her pallid countenance, her sunken cheek, her withered form, and beheld them with agony.

One morning, the last that ever dawned upon the mortal sight of Maria, he approached her bed-side with trembling; he threw himself upon his knees, and, in a faultering voice he questioned her about the letter. The thought that now flashed across Maria's mind was electrical; she raised herself from her pillow; she explained the whole; in the tears of her husband she read his contrition; she felt that she was again innocent in his eyes, and with the fervid glow of that consciousness upon her cheek, she expired!

M.

June 11, 1808.

REMARKABLE BAPTISM.

AT Peasemore, near Newbury, the baptism of a child was attended with the following singular circumstance. John James,

James, the son of James and Elizabeth Mitchell, was baptized on the same day on which his father came of age. The child had the same god-fathers and the same god-mothers as his father, who were also his great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 44.

MR. EDITOR,

I Have to complain of a highly improper custom, to which many of my young friends are prone; and against which I beg leave to enter my solemn protest; I mean the habit of *swearing*. And as I believe they generally peep into the Letter Box, a few unconnected observations may not be communicated in vain.

The smutty chimney-sweep, or ragged porter, that makes the street resound with imprecations, naturally excites the pity and contempt of all sober members of society, and we are apt to term such a one, "a brute," "a blackguard," "heathen," &c. And yet when the dashing citizen or blustering esquire thinks proper to stun our ears with exclamations equally infamous, the tongue of disapprobation suddenly becomes mute, and his rhetorical ebullitions are attributed to the effervescence of youth, or to any cause except the right one. But let us discover, if we can, the essential difference between those licentious gentry. Why is the chimney-sweeper's oath more odious than his worship's? Merely because the one swears *with* a grace, and the other *without*. The one *dems* his eyes, and the other *damns* them. Exclusive of this, they are completely on a par, and equally deserving the just contempt of their fellow-creatures. If, indeed, the practice admits of any excuse, we must grant it to the uneducated menial, in preference to the man of property—I had just written "the man of *sense*—the *gentleman*," but such titles are incompatible with profanity. It is the duty, and should be the delight, of those whom a bountiful providence has raised above the common drudgery and hardships of poverty, to render themselves conspicuous in the walks of virtue. Great is the force of a good example, and still greater its necessity; what shall we say then of the man of opulence, whose conduct materially affects the principles of his dependants, if (instead of affording a lively instance of the beauty of holiness) he pollutes his lips with a constant repetition of oaths, curses, and blasphemies!!

There is another class of swearers who think it necessary to conclude every assertion with an appeal to Heaven! But this seldom

seldom answers the intention of the appellant, for every one conversant with the world, will attach but little credit to the man who sees his own cause in so bad a light, as to resort to voluntary oaths in confirmation of its truth. Conscious innocence acts a very different part, and speaks the undecorated language of simplicity, which (to the discerning mind) comes with much greater force, and ensures far more credit, than if the assertion had been propped on all sides by the most vehement asseverations.

I recollect, in the course of a conversation respecting the moral rectitude of our naval officers, that one of the company mentioned a certain commander (still living) as a person that paid great respect to the duties of religion. In short, that he was quite a model of devotion, and took uncommon pains in converting his crew to practical Christianity. But another of the party objected to this statement, on the ground of the captain's being a notorious swearer. "Ay, ay," replied the first, "I grant ye, he swears well enough in a *storm* or a *battle*; but that's merely in the way of his professional *duty*, and all for the *good of his majesty's service!*" However ridiculous this may appear, I assure you, Mr. Editor, I have heard a frequent repetition of it in various societies; and (what is still more strange) not a single soul evinced the least disapprobation; but rather betrayed a silent, though not invisible, assent to the necessity and propriety of such *consistent* behaviour. Though I did not think proper to commence a serious attack against the principles of the party, I could not resist the temptation of ridiculing the *necessity* of swearing, by relating an anecdote of the *comfort* of it.

Boileau one day met the servant of his friend, who had been long and frequently afflicted with the gout. On enquiring how his master did (whom he knew to be of a quick temper), the valet replied that his master was then under a fit of his old complaint. "He swears a good deal then," observed the poet. "O yes, Sir," said the valet, with much simplicity, "'tis the *only comfort* my poor master has in his illness." To such as thus debase themselves and their religion (if indeed they have any) by the vulgar practice of swearing, I shall address myself in the words of the inimitable *Cowper*.

"Go quit the rank to which ye stood preferr'd!
Henceforth associate in one common herd;
Religion, virtue, reason, common sense,
Pronounce your human form a false pretence;
A mere disguise, in which a devil lurks,
Who yet betrays his secret by his works."

But

But I must not dismiss this subject without reprobating the prevalent custom of using the sacred names of God and Christ, by way of an exclamation of astonishment. Whatever trivial circumstance may occur, those great and awful names are taken in vain, in direct opposition to the third commandment. Not so did the famous Baron Haller. *He*, whenever he recollected or heard the Almighty mentioned, gave way (in whatever company or circumstances he happened to be placed) to some pious ejaculation, with his eyes and hands lifted up towards Heaven. And this was occasioned by a just sense of God's omnipresence, and of his own dependance and unworthiness. I have also heard of some very eminent and learned person, who never read or talked of the Omnipotent, without an evident pause, and peculiar solemnity of expression.

Upon the whole, Mr. Editor, I do not hesitate to say, (and I expect you will agree with me) that swearing is both an inelegant, illiberal, ridiculous, unnecessary, and (what is of far greater consequence) a sinful practice. In the society of real gentlemen it is despised and scouted. In the presence of females it is indelicate and insulting. And, as it respects the Almighty Being, it is in direct disobedience to his laws. Most seriously do I recommend these reflections to the attention of youth; and should I succeed, but in a single instance, in arousing them from the fatal couch of depravity, I shall record the date of this letter as a stimulus to my future exertions.

Your's, Mr. Editor,
Most faithfully,

June, 1808. X.

To Miss P. L.

FRIENDSHIP,

A SONNET.

Friendship, like mine, dear Phillida, defies
The whirls of fortune, and the lapse of time;
And should I stray thro' India's burning clime,
Or shiver in the blast of northern skies,

(Whatever change, the awful fates decree)
Still should my heart that social blessing know;
Sweet solace in this wilderness of woe,
And *doubly* sweet—as being shared with *thee*.

Days, months, and years (a long and tedious train)
Have journey'd onward since we bade adieu;
And ere we meet, dear Phillida, again—
Days, months, and years may still their course pursue.

But time nor absence shall the dome erase,
Which friendship builds on virtue's solid base.

X.

Correspondence between Mr. Cumberland and Sir R. Phillips, on the Education of the Poor.

GEORGE CUMBERLAND, Esq. to Sir RICHARD PHILLIPS, one of the Sheriffs of London.

SIR,

WHEN, on my late visit to London, you surprized me with a view of the prison of Newgate, in a state of cleanliness that would have revived the departing spirit of a Howard. I asked you some questions relative to the state of the literary acquirements of the generality of the prisoners, and if it was common to find amongst those of the lower orders a knowledge of reading, writing, and accounts? At that time you were so much engaged in taking the amount of the poor women's pledges, distributing clothes, and noting the desires of such as wished to take their children with them to Botany Bay, as not to be able to find time to satisfy my curiosity.

I suspected, however, from what I saw, and have indeed long suspected, that we owe many of the evils our criminals produce, to their being in a state of extreme ignorance, and as many well meaning people here were found, at the time we attempted to establish Lancaster's schools in Bristol to entertain the directly opposite opinion, and to think that that sort of education led to the increase of criminal actions, I have been desirous of availing myself of your knowledge of the characters and habits of the prisoners under your care, from observing how intimately you seemed acquainted with the different interests, and how kindly you endeavoured to ameliorate their condition as far as was compatible with the discipline that secures their safe custody.

You will therefore greatly oblige me and some friends of mine in this city, by stating what is the average number of the prisoners confined for criminal cases who have had a decent education, and if the majority are even able to read, allowing me to make public your reply, as nothing can, in my opinion, be of more importance to the community in the present moment than the decision of this momentous question.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
G. CUMBERLAND.

Bristol, June 14, 1808.

From Sir R. PHILLIPS to G. CUMBERLAND, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

YOU do me justice in supposing that I have not been inattentive to the state of education among the numerous criminals who fill the prisons of the metropolis. I have always considered that the result of such an investigation would afford a certain criterion by which to decide finally on the question, "Whether the poor ought, or ought not to be educated?" and I have therefore bestowed a constant attention to this subject since I have had the honour to fill my present office.

The first opportunity which presented itself to me of forming some general conclusion on the subject was by means of a memorial addressed to the sheriffs, signed by 152 of the criminals in Newgate; of these number 25 signed their own names in a fair hand, 26 in a bad and partly illegible hand, and the remaining 101 were mere *marksmen*, (persons who sign with a cross) having never learned to write.

On another occasion, having applied to the various excellent institutions which exist in this metropolis for a supply of Bibles, Testaments, and religious tracts, to circulate in the various wards, and thereby to enable criminals to take advantage of the idle hours spent in a prison, I found on superintending myself the distribution of these books, an almost general indifference about the receipt of them. On enquiry it appeared that as few of the prisoners could read with facility, and as more than half of them could not read at all, a large majority were altogether insensible of the uses of such presents, and were totally ignorant of the nature, object, and end of religion itself!

I have often interrogated a groupe of these persons as I have seen them standing together in their yards and wards, and I have found generally that about 3 in 10 united the qualifications of reading and writing, and one or two others, in every ten, were able to read, but unable to write. At this present time, of the men in the condemned cells, under sentence of death, five can neither read nor write; and the three women now under the same sentence can neither of them read nor write.

I have thus answered your questions, and I have no doubt but, on the average, the same state of ignorance will be found to exist in other prisons and in Newgate at all other times. I shall forbear to specify the conclusions which cannot fail to be drawn from these facts; but I should hope they will tend to shake the confidence of those who oppose plans for the general education of the poor, and thus, in due time, lessen the number of unfortunate persons who commit crimes in perfect ignorance

rance of the laws and obligations of society, and in the total absence of all moral and religious feeling.

I am, dear Sir,
Faithfully your obedient servant,
R. PHILLIPS.

Bridge-street, June 29, 1808.

Extract from Mr. Whitbread's Letter to Lord Holland, on the Subject of the present State of Spain.

AFTER our friend Mr. Sheridan had given notice of his intention to ask some questions of the king's ministers relative to Spain, (which happened whilst I was not present,) he deferred his motion from the time first appointed to another day, when I was in my place. I then publicly begged him to waive his intention altogether. On the day on which he did make his motion, I again publicly expressed a wish that the discussion had not been brought forward, because the crisis appeared to me so delicate, that those only who were in possession of all the information which had arrived, could judge of the steps fit to be taken. The disclosure of such information, much more of the sources whence it was derived, might in reality have been attended with danger to particular persons, and with disadvantage to the great cause of liberty in Spain. I thought it a case in which the servants of the crown ought to be left perfectly free and unembarrassed to choose the moment of communication, to form and execute their own designs. I certainly could not so far forget all I had felt and said on their past conduct, as to be at once persuaded that the present administration was composed of men who were the most fit to be trusted with the fortunes of the world at such a crisis; as to suppose that there was any one amongst them peculiarly adapted to the task of conducting to a happy issue the efforts of a great people, just entering upon a struggle against tyranny and oppression, as glorious in all its circumstances as any that has ever yet been exhibited upon the face of the earth. But they are of the king's appointment: to them the interests of the kingdom are confided. If they had thought a public and authentic declaration of the sentiments of both houses of parliament desirable, a message from the king would have been answered by an unanimous and exulting address from the lords and commons. If a less formal expression of feeling had been judged by them advantageous, the question upon the vote of credit, which was moved on the same day, afforded a proper opportunity to the chancellor of the exchequer to have stated his feelings, and those of his colleagues,

leagues, which would have been re-echoed with enthusiastic acclamation by the house.

Neither of these courses was taken by the king's ministers. Mr. Sheridan made his motion, prefaced by a speech glowing with those genuine feelings of liberty, of which he has been the tried friend, and adorned by those talents which he has so long and so frequently exerted in the public service. Mr. Canning professed the objects of government to be pure and unmixed for the support and assistance of the rising spirit in Spain. Lord Castlereagh spoke also. Mr. Perceval was silent. I lamented that any motion had been made; and nothing that passed during the discussion led me to alter my opinion as to its inexpediency. A few days after, in one of the stages of the act of appropriation, I recalled the attention of the house to the principal topics of discussion during the late session, and made some observations upon the general situation of our affairs, both foreign and domestic. I still abstained from any mention of Spain, for the reasons I have just stated.

Since that period, (however short the interval), the face of affairs has greatly changed. News has arrived as cheering to the heart of man as ever was announced to an admiring world. Every part of Spain, not absolutely occupied by the French troops, has separately, and without any possibility of previous concert, and yet, as if by common consent, declared itself against the injustice, cruelty, and oppression of the French emperor, and for the prince of Asturias, under the title of Ferdinand VII. The nation, in the absence of its government, without breaking forth into those furious excesses of sanguinary licentiousness which have disgraced the good cause of other countries, and brought the name of liberty into disrepute, is now committed against the power of France. The public discussion of the passing events can no longer be injurious, by fanning a flame which might have been kindled to the fruitless destruction of the virtuous and the brave, cannot now render abortive the plans adopted for their success.

After the communication made by Lord Castlereagh to the lord mayor, I firmly expected some application to parliament for an additional vote of credit; or at least some message from the crown. When such a proceeding was out of the question, on the day of the prorogation itself, I expressed myself shortly on the subject, in my place: but the momentary expectation of interruption prevented my saying all that I wished upon any of the topics, and from entering upon some of them altogether. From what then passed, I found I had been before misunderstood. Upon such a subject I cannot endure misrepresentation, the consequence of misunderstanding, and therefore I address myself through you to the public.

The whole undivided heart of Great Britain and Ireland, nay, of France itself, and of the world, must be with Spain. Would to God the whole undivided strength of the world could be combined at this moment against the armies of her oppressor, in Spain! Ministers had declared that no mixed interests should interfere; that all the exertion should be for Spain, and Spain alone; and I am happy to acknowledge that the part of the king's speech which relates to Spain, bears out the professions which had been before made. It has my unqualified approbation. The policy is sound, and the expressions could not have been better chosen.

Arms, ammunition, and money, let them be poured in with a hand as liberal as can be conceived. All they ask for! and nothing they do not ask for. If an army shall hereafter be required, let no consideration of rank or favour interfere in the selection of the officer to command it. The stake is too precious to be risked in inadequate hands. The country has a high opinion of the military talents the gallantry, and the other qualifications of the officer now in Ireland, ready to embark with a limited force. May the appointment of a general for any larger force be equally judicious, and equally acceptable to the public! Thus shall we render ourselves worthy of being the supporters of Spanish valour, and Spanish virtue. Thus shall we best add to their chance of success—thus shall we render the most effectual service to this empire and the world. This cause is indeed the cause of justice and humanity—if it prospers, stupendously glorious will be the victory. If it fails, their conqueror will have obtained any thing rather than honour; but the Spaniards of this day will be recorded to the latest posterity as a people deserving of a better fate, and they will have afforded a noble example for the imitation of the inhabitants of these islands, when their battle, the last battle of the European world, shall be fought.

Particulars of the Loss of the Portugueſe Ship Bowaniong, Captain John Napremassena, lately lost on her Passage from Calcutta towards China.

WE left our Bengal pilot the end of April last, and stretched across the bay 'till the 4th of May, when in the latitude of 16. 57 north, longitude 91. 7. east, we encountered a severe gale, accompanied with a heavy swell, in which the ship laboured much, and became leaky. The gale increasing, it became necessary for the preservation of the ship to cut away the main and mizen-masts. During the violence of the storm, it was, with difficulty, that the incessant working of the pumps could

could keep the ship free; and from her masts being gone, she was exposed to the swell, which broke over the hull with such force and frequency, that we were every moment in dread of foundering. In this alarming situation, our commander, not only displayed the utmost professional skill, but, by his presence of mind, by his collected, manly, and judicious conduct, afforded an example that served to raise our hopes, and to animate our exertions.

On the 26th of May, at 8 A. M. the weather having considerably moderated, we found almost the whole of our water-buts stove in, so that, independent of other material wants, it became necessary to put into the nearest port, for a supply of water. The land upon our lee was an unfrequented part of the coast of Ava, which we knew to be inhabited by a barbarous people, from whom we could not hope for the assistance we required; yet, as the south-west monsoon, at that season, usually blows with violence, we had no other choice than to make the land in any point that the disabled state of our vessel would admit. We accordingly stood before the wind, and made the coast, after a short run in the vicinity of the broken islands, and sent a boat on shore some leagues to the northward of the river Bartoon, for an immediate supply of fresh water. In this we were disappointed. The coast where the boat landed was a barren desert, and although wells were sunk in various places along the beach, in the hope of reaching water, all our attempts proved fruitless. We were therefore obliged to make what sail we could before the wind, to the northward, in quest of water. It was proposed to put into Cheduba, but unfortunately we fell to leeward of the island, and found it necessary to anchor off Saduha, where we obtained water and some provisions, but as we could not there repair the losses of the ship, so as to enable us with safety to put to sea, we were desirous, if possible, to reach either Cheduba or Chettagong.

On the 16th of June we weighed, and stood out from Seduha. In the mean time the leak was increasing, insomuch that it required the constant working of the pumps, both night and day, to keep the ship clear. While in this situation, on the 17th of June, the day after leaving Saduha, we experienced a second gale of wind, as violent as the first. In the now disabled condition of our ship, and the exhausted state of the crew, from constant labour at the pumps, we had no other alternative than to endeavour to run the vessel on shore, in the hope of saving the lives of the people on board; while, in pursuance of this design, we were so fortunate as to run into a bay, where being somewhat sheltered from the storm, we came to anchor at six P. M. the pumps incessantly working, and the leak rather gaining upon us in spite of all our exertions. At eleven P. M. the

the gale still increasing, the ship drove from her anchors, and soon afterwards struck upon a narrow insulated rock, upon which it was evident she would quickly go to pieces. The unshaken mind of our commander was now eminently displayed. Finding that the ship must certainly go to pieces, and that the people could no longer continue on board, with safety, he ordered the long-boat to be got out, himself superintending the operation, which was not effected without difficulty. As soon as the boat was in readiness, the supercargo, myself, and as many of the people as she could carry, were embarked, when the captain, unmindful of his own safety, ordered us to quit the wreck, and to make the best of our way to the shore. As the boat could not contain all the people, some sought their safety on spars, planks, hen-coops, &c. while the captain, and five or six of his people, continued with the wreck, endeavouring to prepare a raft. We, who were in the long-boat, passed a dreary night, ignorant of the fate of our companions, and despairing ourselves of reaching the shore alive, the gale still continuing in all its fury. At length the sun arose, when we had the mortification to find, that our brave and faithful friend, our late commander, had voluntarily sacrificed his life to a sense of duty, he who so well deserved a better fate, and the men who were with him, perished with the wreck, which went to pieces in the night.

The long-boat did not get on shore 'till noon, when we landed, and were soon afterwards seized and conducted by the natives, as prisoners, to the presence of the rajah, in the capital Saduha, where we were detained for four months, during which time we experienced every privation and indignity from a barbarous government, alike insensible to the claims of justice or humanity.

At length, after incessant entreaties, we, with the exception of the supercargo, his brother in law, the purser, and four others, were, on the 17th of last month, set at large. The persons detained were to be marched up to the presence of his majesty at Ava. They were to be accompanied by some of the chests of opium, and bales of cotton, which floated on shore from the wreck. Of the cargo that came on shore, the chief part was seized and sold by the inhabitants of Saduha.

We who were released, to the number of 46, were provided with a small fishing-boat, in which we hastened to leave the inhospitable shore of Saduha. In our uneasiness to embark, we neglected a proper supply of water and provisions, and overlooked the insufficient accommodations of our boat; we were, however, but a short time at sea, before we found ourselves cramped for room, and so much exposed to the inclemency of the weather, that we preferred going on shore, wholly unprovided as we were, determined to traverse the woods, and

to

to seek our way to Chittagong on foot. Having landed, we proceeded along the coast, and after walking day and night, without refreshment or food, we arrived at the end of the fourth day, more dead than alive, at Chittagong: here our wants were doomed to be completely removed; here our sufferings were soothed by the tenderest offices of humanity.

James Bruce Laing, esq. judge and magistrate of Chittagong, animated by sentiments honourable to humanity, and congenial to the British character, succoured our distresses with a zeal, promptitude, and liberality, calculated to excite both our gratitude and admiration. I have no expressions equivalent to my sense of the beneficence and generosity experienced from this gentleman, in the kindness of whose attentions all my companions and myself lost every trace of our late distresses, except their remembrance. I trust that my countrymen, whether in Europe or in India, will justiy appreciate such benevolence, and that they will be proud to acknowledge its claim to our national and individual gratitude, by employing every opportunity that may present itself to relieve a distressed or ship-wrecked Britain.

Mr. Laing was desirous to detain the people some time longer at this place, under the apprehension that they were not fully recruited. A longer stay was, however, unnecessary. The Lascars being amply provided with money and other requisites for their journey, set out some days ago for Luckepore, on their way to Calcutta. The Europeans, nine in number, and two Chinese, being equipped from the same liberal source, with a boat, money, and whatever was required for their voyage, proceeded hence, a few days ago, for Calcutta.

Subjoined is an account of the fate of the persons late of the Bowaniong:

Number of souls embarked from Calcutta, 60.

Drowned—Captain Napremassena, 3 Lascars, 2 Chinese, 1 Christian. Total, 7.

Arrived at Chittagong, 46.

Chittagong, November 10, 1807.

Elegant Tribute to Parliamentary Merit.

A Most elegant silver vase has been presented by a numerous body of the freeholders of Hertfordshire, to their late representative, William Plumer, esq. at Gilston-park. The vase will contain seven gallons, and is richly chased, on each side, with trophies emblematical of the constitution; groupes of female figures, liberty, with commerce, agriculture, science,

navigation, &c. &c. and on each side a tablet, bearing the following inscriptions:—

"To Wm. Plumer, esq. who in eight successive parliaments was invariably distinguished by his unremitting attention to the interests of his constituents, by his zealous support of the genuine principles of civil and religious liberty, and by his consistent opposition to every encroachment on the just rights of the people, this permanent testimony of their regard is presented by a numerous body of independent freeholders, his sincere and grateful friends. 1808.—*Presenti tibi maturos largimur honores.*"

"Wm. Plumer, esq. was first unanimously elected representative of the county of Hertford, March 28, 1768, and though in the seven succeeding parliaments he was engaged in five severe contests, yet it may be truly said of him, he never experienced any opposition, such were the great and unexampled majorities by which he was placed at the head of each poll. On the dissolution of parliament in 1807, having served his country faithfully and honestly for the full period of 30 years, he voluntarily resigned, and received (prime object of his ambition) the unanimous thanks of his constituents."

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

JUST as a performer at the Newcastle theatre had announced his benefit, a stranger happened to arrive at Newcastle. No less a personage than the Prince Annamaboo was advertised to be seen at the small price of one shilling. Tom, without delay, waited on the proprietor of this great prince, and for a handsome sum prevailed on him to order his highness to exhibit his royal person on the stage that evening. The manager, with much good humour, consented, and the bills of the day stated, that "between the acts of the play, *Prince Annamaboo* would give a lively representation of the *scalping operation*; he would likewise give the Indian warwhoop in all its varied tones, the tomahawk exercise, and the mode of feasting at an Abyssinian banquet." The evening arrived, and many people attended to witness these *princely* imitations. At the end of the third act his *highness* walked forward, with dignified step, flourishing the tomahawk, and cut the air, exclaiming, "Ha, ha!—Ho, ho!" Next entered a man with his face blacked, and a piece of bladder fastened to his head with gum; the *prince*, with a very large carving knife, commenced the scalping operation, which he performed in a style truly *imperial*, holding up the skin in token of triumph. Next came the war-whoop, which was a combination of dreadful and discordant sounds; and, lastly, the Abyssinian banquet, consisting of raw beef

steaks; these he made into rolls as large as his mouth would admit, and devoured them in a *princely* and *dignified* manner. Having completed his cannibal repast, he flourished his tomahawk in an exulting manner, exclaimed, "Ha, ha!—ho, ho!" and made his exit.

The manager, who possessed a penetrating eye, fancied this princely personage was an impostor, and his opinion was confirmed the following day; for in the middle of the market-place he espied the most puissant Prince Annamaboo selling pen-knives, scissars, and quills, in the character of a Jew pedlar. "What! (said Mr. K———,) my prince, is that you? Are not you a pretty Jewish scoundrel to impose upon us in this manner?" Moses turned round, and with an arch look replied, "*Princh* be d——d, I *vash* no *princh*, I *vash* acting like you. You *vash* kings, *princh*, emperors to night; Stephen Kembles to-morrow; I *vash hampugs*, you *vash hampugs*, all *vash hampugs*."

MAGNANIMOUS REPLY.

IN 1477, St. Omer being besieged by Lewis XI. was valiantly defended by Philip, son of Anthony, a bastard son of the duke of Burgundy. The French monarch, being irritated at the obstinate resistance of the young warrior, threatened him, that if he did not surrender the city he would cut his father's throat before his eyes. Philip, without shewing the least sign of fear, answered that he knew the king too well to suppose that he would ever be guilty of so base an action, adding, "I love my father with the utmost tenderness, but I cannot deliver up a place which I have undertaken to defend." The siege was obliged to be raised; but the king, far from punishing Anthony for his son's heroism, continued him in his favour, and raised him to the rank of nobility.

Answer, by S. Phellips, of St. Stephen's, in Cornwall, to G. Roberts's borrowed Question, inserted March 14.

THE solidity of the whole cone will be found to be 43,410.6288 solid inches; and as all solid bodies are in the triplicate ratio of their homologous sides: therefore it will be as 43,410.6288 inches: + 30584 :: 3456 : 66,124, whose cube-root is 40.43 inches, the answer.—George Roberts took this question from Hawney's Mensuration, page 279.

☞ We have received similar answers from Triangularius, of Eyershot; G. Harvey, Plymouth; J. R. Reed, St. Agnes; and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.

Answer, by J. Melhuish, Bridgewater, to J. Whitnell's Rebus, inserted May 23.

SIR, ASHCOTT is your dwelling-place
Which from your rebus I did trace.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; S. D. and Frederick Arden, of South Petherton; J. Woodman, of North Curry; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. Channon, of Ottery; and W. Kent, of Camelford.

Answer, by J. Saunders, Jun. of Exeter, to G. A. T. A.'s Charade, inserted May 23.

WHEN to the woodlands I repair,
Or rove across the fields,
The HONEYSUCKLE blooming there,
A lovely fragrance yields.

*** Simila answers have been received from John Woodman, of North-Curry; J. Osborn, and Typographus, of Exeter; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; S. D. of South Petherton; J. Melhuish, W. D. Champion, and John Trood, of Bridgewater; W. J. of Noss Revelstoke school, near Plymouth; W. G. of Gittisham; T. Pearse, of Chard; J. Channon, and J. Tucker, of Ottery; and G. Trenchard, of Bampton.

Answer, by N. W. of Sidmouth, to J. A. Dyer's Anagram, inserted May 30.

GANDER is the bird you mean,
Which feeds upon the verdant green.

*** Similar answers are received from J. Trood, J. Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Channon, and J. Tucker, of Ottery; Typographus, J. Saunders, and J. Osborn, of Exeter; W. G. of Gittisham; Rinaldo, of Milbrook; W. Kent, of Camelford; M. N. P, of Poole; Corporal Colley, of the East Cornwall volunteers; H. Easter, Poole; W. Giles; and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.

A REBUS, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

ONE-HALF of that first bring to mind
To which most children are inclin'd;
Next find a violent disease;
Join both together if you please:
Destructive whole! where'er thou bearest sway
Unnumber'd multitudes are swept away.

A CHARADE, *by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.*

AT that most awful and tremendous day,
When all creation shall itself decay,
Then, from my first will all mankind arise,
And stand before the Sov'reign of the skies.
Search Europe o'er, and ev'ry nation round,
My next, substantial, may with ease be found;
View yonder dome, the work of many years,
Rais'd up with me magnificent appears.
My whole presents, to ev'ry serious mind,
The frail and transient state of all mankind;
A silent tutor, that points out to me,
The path which leads unto mortality.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

REFLECTION.

LIKE insects in the noon-tide hour,
Men trifle time away;
Wherever folly rears a flower,
Or fashion sheds a ray;
Whilst wisdom to the erring train
Spreads the fair page of truth in vain.

Sweet, we confess, is virtue's fruit,
To which we all aspire;
But virtue guides not our pursuit
So much as fierce desire.
Prudence may for a season sway
'Till passion calls—and we obey.

SYLVIO.

IMPROMPTU, TO LORD STRANGFORD.

By MR. PRATT.

BY sober city men, 'tis said,
The thriving gentlefolk in trade,
Sworn enemies to wit,
That bards, and all the sing-song nine,
Who boast a pedigree divine,
Are for this world unfit.

The moni'd elves, with purse-proud spite,
Bless their good stars they never write,
Except to note the needful;
While poets, scrawling volumes o'er,
At once are prodigal and poor,
Of the main chance unheedful.

And if to shillings, pounds, and pence,
Of business they make pretence,
Poets are men of straw!
Better to join, by way of joke,
Tiny Tom Thumb with great Lord Coke,
That giant of the law!

That this is false, I've vouchers plenty,
And in a minute could count twenty,
To prove trade-sneers abusive;
From Addison and Aaron Hill,
To Roscoe, Rogers, living still,
Brin. Sheridan inclusive.

Nay, a lord chancellor,* who late
Was made a pillar of the state,
Beats all the dunces hollow;

For

* Lord Erskine.

For tho' o'er parchments he can plod,
His bosom labours with the god,
The poet's god Apollo!

And who could once more near the heart
Than Fox the tuneful strain impart,
While state affairs were planning?
Or who, presenting each in season,
More sweet can rhyme, or better reason,
Than Secretary Canning?

And you, beyond dispute, my lord,
Another happy proof afford,
As all the muses know;
The gentle Camoens by your side,
The double task you well divide,
Poet and plenipo.

Your kindred Sydney, too, is fired
By all that talents e'er inspir'd,
By all but those called stoic;
And tho' the lyre he may not use,
The brave are lov'd by every muse,
Or tender or heroic!

His ardent mien, empassion'd eye,
Of verse sublime the fire supply,
His countenance the proem;
Whether poetical or no
He glows with all the bard can glow,
And *looks* an epic poem!

Long may ye both, by flood and field,
Of peace and war the symbols wield,
Then to lov'd Britain come;
There bless the isle—ah! bless'd alone,
Long may she mark ye for her own,
Long give the sweets of home!

And health, the choicest boon of Heaven,
In bounty large to both be given;
For Oh! without its aid,
The bard forgets his cherub birth,
The struggling hero sinks to earth,
And life itself's a shade.

FREE IMITATION OF "PERSICOS ODI."

DINNERS of form, I vote a bore,
Where folks who never met before,
And care not if they ne'er meet more,
Are brought together:
Cramm'd close as mackarel in their places,
They eat with Chesterfieldian graces,
Drink healths, and talk, with sapient faces,
About the weather.

Thrice blest, who at an inn unbends,
With half a dozen of his friends,
And while the curling smoke ascends
In volumes sable,
Mirth and good humour round him sees,
Chats, lolling backward at his ease,
Or cocks his cross'd-legs, if he please,
Upon the table.